

A  
Farther Search  
AFTER  
CLARET;  
OR, A  
Second Visitation  
OF THE  
VINTNERS.  
A  
P O E M.

*By Richard Amis*  
*Nature has made Man's Breast no Windows,*  
*To Publish what he does within Doors.*

*Hudibras, Cant. 2.*

*London, Printed for E. Hawkins, 1691.*



# Epistle Dedicatory.

**T**O all Master Vintners residing in London,  
And Westminster, both to the Rich and the Undone.  
VVho when Wines are grown sick, and have Workings amain,  
Can with Caudle of Eggs to Life fetch 'em again ;  
And when with a Flying Lee troubled, with Allum,  
Bay-Salt, and White-Starch, to their Sense can recall 'em ;  
VVho when Clarets are Ropy, and apt to be Muddy,  
Can with Spirit of Wine make 'em leave their brown Study ;  
VVho when French Wines are Eager and just about Pricking,  
VVith Allum and Flanders-Tile make 'em leave Kicking.  
VVho with Racking, Infusing, and Clarification,  
Play some delicate Tricks with the Wine in this Nation.  
To all Female Bar-keepers, Young, Airy and Pretty,  
VVhether Widows, Wives, Maids, Pert, Brisk Merry and VVitty,  
VVho can Banter young Fops, of their Money and Reason,  
VVith a Wit, which like Beauty is ne're out of Season.  
To those Riddles of Men, whom we VVine-Coopers call,  
Neither Merchants nor Vintners, and yet they are all ;

# The Epistle Dedicatory.

*Who with Peggs, Peirers, Addice, and large pair of Bellows  
In their Vaults would be thought to be very good Fellows.  
To all the choice Lads who are Cellar-men known,  
Who visit the Hogsheads when Company's gone.  
To all Dealers in Wine, of what Figure or Fashion,  
Is Humbly Presented*

Epistle Dedicatory

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To all the choice Lads who are Cellar-men known,  
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((12)).

# Farther Search

AFTER

II

## CLARET, &c.

**H**ow hard of pleas'd Custom we take our farwel !  
For next morning, no sooner I got from my Cell,  
But a Friend to the Bottle who never knew sorrow,  
With a look undisguis'd, kindly bid me good-morrow,  
And told me, that since we so luckily met,  
Would I lend him my company down to *Thames-street*,

B

He'd

( 2 )

He'd at *Billingsgate* give me a *Glass* of such *Vine*,  
As should make even *Envy* for get to repine :  
But tho I under strong prejudice lay,  
Yet was willing to make one more daring essay.  
Tho two days disappointed, accepted his motion,  
So yeilding my Person up to his Devotion,  
Went with him.— As *Girls* who the Sport once have seen,  
Think ev'ry day ten, till they'r at it agen.

I.

His Business dispatch'd, we first went to the *Vine*,  
To see from those Grapes we could press *Claret Vine*,  
But the Master it seems was an arch pick'd Youth,  
And assur'd us his *Vine* was of *Portugal* growth,  
Withal that the *Spies* were so Termegant grown,  
He hardly could say that his Soul was own.

II.

At the *Dog* when we thought to have tasted a *Pint*,  
VVe perceiv'd that its Owners were fled to the *Mint*.

III.

VVe'd have call'd at the *Swan*, but the Pious good Master,  
VWho was half Mad with Rage by a foolish Disaster,  
For receiving a Message from *Famblers Hall*,  
Did in Passion the Fishwomen loudly out-bawl.

VWhen

## IV.

When at the *Kings-head* we observ'd loaded Spits,  
 Full of *Beef, Veal* and *Mutton*, and such kind of Bits;  
 VVe concluded good *Claret* to find not a drop,  
 In a *Tavern*, when alter'd into a *Cooks-shop*.

## V.

When we enter'd the *Gnn*, and arriv'd at the Bar,  
 More confusion of Tongues did old *Babel* ne're hear;  
 Some *Singing*, some *Dancing*, some *Swearing*, some *Roaring*,  
 Some *Ranting*, some *Drinking*, some *Gaming*, some *Whoring*,  
 Such a Medly of Noises, like strings out of Tune,  
 Made both of us quickly afraid of the *Gnn*.

## VI.

Half stun'd with the noise, and oppress'd with dull thinking,  
 Came to Mannerly Tavern kept by brisk Mr. *J——kin*,  
 As active a Lad as e're lay by the side  
 Of a Woman, if this be not true, Ask his Bride.  
 When we saw pretty Females come up to the Bar,  
 With pray Madam, is Mr. such a one here?  
 Has any one been here to ask Number Four?  
 VVe thought it most safe for to go out of Door,  
 For the sight of these *Petticotes* spoyl'd our design,  
 VVe then having more fancy for *Women* than *VVine*.

## VII.

At the *Fleet* when for *Claret* we askt the young Spark,  
He assur'd us 't had long been at *Low-water-Mark*.

## VIII.

At the *Mermaid* we found Six fat *Oyster-wives* sitting,  
Who over cool *Quarterns* were smoaking and spitting,  
And loudly discoursing the price of *Old-Ling*,  
And so nauseously talk'd of another old Thing,  
That our *Stomachs* quite turn'd, valued *Wine* not a farthing,  
And so bid good morrow to Mr. *Churchyarden*.

## IX.

To the Sign of the *Golden round O*, when we came,  
And for *Claret* inquir'd of a stately fine Dame;  
We found her so busie in dressing of Fish,  
That her very looks seem'd to answer us, *Pish*;  
But to her proud humour not willing to stoop,  
Like *Juglers*, we cleaverly jump't through the *Hoop*.

## X.

When for *Claret* at *Cl—ffions* we askt at the *Swan*,  
We were star'd at as if we came just from *Japan*.

## XI.

At the *Monument* when we for *VVine* made pretence,  
VVe found it was fallen in the literal Sense.

The

The Vintner who kept the bright *Sun* but of late,  
Had for *Phaeton's* Fancy, met *Phaeton's* Fate.

## XIII.

From the *Bear* at *Bridge-foot*, to the *Bear* on the *Hill*,  
Captain *S—th* is arriv'd, and is Captain *S—th* still;  
When from *Burrough* he came to reside in the *City*,  
Thus made his loud Brags, and I faith very witty:

"*The Bear shall bite the Bull, and make the Half-moon cry,*

"*Sink the Ship, and Drink the three Tuns dry.*

But when of his *Claret* an essay we had made,  
Like his boastings, we found they were *Rbottom* antade.

## XIV.

How splendid soever the Sign may appear  
Of the *Guilded three Tuns*, yet we found it as clear;  
Bad *Wine* in fine *Hogshheads*, as often may lurch,  
As a falsified Faith in a fine painted Church.

## XV.

To the *Ship* then we steer'd with a stiddy brisk Gale,  
Where of good *Old dry Claret* we thought not to fail;  
And I faith jolly *Tom*, to thy praise we must own,  
Thou hast it, if that there be any in Town;  
For no Copy did nearer th' Original appear,  
Than was like to *Claret* the *Wine* we drank there:

But

But Opinion and Fancy Rules all things below,  
If we thought the *Wine* good, it was certainly so.

XVI.

The returns both of good and of evil Success,  
Make Life still appear like a *Game* plaid at *Chefs* :  
How well at *Tom. F——ders* we thought we were sped,  
Yet found we as meanly were us'd at *Ball head*.

XVII.

How vainly so e're the *Red-Lyon* may crack,  
Of the once mighty friendship he had with *Puntack* ;  
Yet we found all his Favours were come to an end,  
Since the Contracts he made with a *Portugal Friend*.

XVIII.

At *A——ys* the *Tip-cat* who lives at *Great James*,  
Is a Tavern has always been in the extreams ;  
One while his *Wine's* poor, at another time rich,  
Let my very good Reader go *Taft* and try which.

XIX.

At the sign of *Old Bess* has no *Parrot* been seen  
For this several Months, and so *God save the Queen*.

XX.

Passing then through the *Gate*, we soon reacht the *White-hart*,  
Where there once liv'd a *Landlord* who never would start  
From



From his *Bottle*, but still with the latest would stay,  
 And did sometimes perform his three Stages a day ;  
 But since *H—lock* is dead, and his head under-ground,  
 In his *Vaults* is a strange lawless Government found ;  
 Had he now been alive he'd have blusht with disgrace,  
 T'have seen his *Wines* pimpled as once was his Face.

## XXI.

It was now near *Exchange time*, so posting along  
 Through the Gate back again, when we came by the throng,  
 My friend would have had me to step in at *G—ys*,  
 But I told him I had an aversion to noise ;  
 Why then (says he) we to the *Angel and Crown*,  
 Just in *Thred-needle-Street*, for a while will sit down.  
 But when I attempted to take in the Dranch,  
 I perceiv'd that the *Wine* had forgot to speak *French*.

## XXII.

At the *Antwerp* what ever is *Eu—ter's* pretension,  
 His Tavern is famous for nothing but *Gentian* ;  
 What is one Mans delight is another Mans loathing,  
 So all Men are Famous for something or nothing.

## XXIII.

Nor the Houses invented by *Lilly's* and *Coley's* ;  
 Or the Pallace of *Ovid* he calls *Regia Solis*,  
 Were Structures so noble, as if the new Dwelling  
 Of *C—k* at the *Sun*, who pretends to *Wine-selling* ;

With

With him we'd have spoke, but were told by a Servant,  
To a *Horse-race* he went with a Zeal very Fervent;  
We wish't him good luck, but well knew by such Courses,  
Some as well have run *Tuns* out of breath, as their *Horses*.

## XXIV.

At the *Widows* we thought some old *Claret* t'have found,  
But alas ! we perceiv'd that the *Ship* was *Wind-bound*.

## XXV.

At B——y's since *Claret's* forgotten and gone,  
They have lost the best Ruby belong'd to the *Crown*.  
For B——ve his sober good true Predecessor,  
To the Intrest of *France* was a Zealous Confessor;  
And 'tis thought that the Clergy and Laity both,  
At his Funeral Drank it all up by my troth.

## XXVI.

Crossing *Cornhill*, we presently took an occasion,  
To pay a short Visit at the Salutation;  
But when we attempted to Taste the French Wine,  
We found 'twas meer *Complement*, ju't like the Sign.

## XXVII.

At the *King's-Arms*, before the young Man took a Wife,  
He had try'd several various conditions of Life;  
But as D——den, in choice of Religions was curst,  
So he of Employments at last chose the worst.

## XXVIII.

At *Puntacks* the famous French Ord'nary, where  
 Luxurious Eating is never thought dear,  
 We expected to meet with a Glass of that same  
 Wine, which properly carries the Masters own Name;  
 But his Vaults could not lend us a drop of that Tipple,  
 So we wish him well— for a *Crooked Disciple*.

## XXIX.

To the *Stocks-Market* hastning we stept to the *Fountain*,  
 But in *Aesop* we read of a Big-belly'd Mountain,  
 Who after strong pangs at last brought forth a Mouse,  
 Just so our Ambition was serv'd in the House;  
 Yet we need not at last to have feard a Disaster,  
 Had the *Claret* been half but so good as its Master.

## XXX.

To go to the *Rummer* my Friend was not willing,  
 Since for Dressing a *Coal-board* he pay'd *Thirty Shilling*.

## XXXI.

To the Taverns in *King street* we'd small Invitation,  
 For since late Elections are made reprobation,  
 Their Houses have suffer'd a year's Vacation.

## XXXII.

At the *St. John's Head* when we observ'd the pale Sign,  
 We feard we should find the same *Symptoms* in's Wine.

## XXXIII.

To no Tavern in *Wood-street* my Friend would be led,  
 Not to *Castle, Three-Tuns*, nor to *Jolly Bull head*,  
 Tho he feard no Arrest, yet for Reasons best known  
 To himself, he resolv'd for to enter in none.

## XXXIV.

Through Allies and Lanes we in small time Arriv'd,  
 To the *Dog full of spots* where night Walkers are—  
 By *St. Patrick* (says *Symon*) how has it been wi' thee?  
*Dee'l tanke me now* Joy, if I joy not to see thee.  
 By my Shoul— of good *VVine* thou shalt have a brawwe Glasb,  
 For by my Shoulvation thou hast a sweet Fausb.  
 We declin'd his *Teague-cans*, and to keep free from harms,  
 Left his House, and directly went to the *Queens-Arms*.

## XXXV.

But such Thundring and Lightning we heard at the Bar,  
 That to ask there for Wine we thought fit to forbear,  
 So leaving the Noise of this *furious Madam*—

## XXXVI.

To the *Castle* crost o're and inquir'd for *Old Adam*,  
 But we found him disorder'd upon his Sons Gaming,  
 For losing a trifling Sum fearfully worth naming,  
 From which we concluded, 'twas not hard to gather,  
 That the Child was the true begot Son of the Father.

( II )

XXXVII.

Faith ~~Sedg~~ has set all his Trade an Example,  
Scorning bad Wines to sell, now's a ~~Student~~ *2<sup>nd</sup> Temple*;

XXXVIII.

For old *Claret* in vain we should ask at the *Sun*,  
If *Mat. F* 's quite dry, sure his man can have none;

XXXIX.

At the Widows of Ditto we were sure to fall short,  
For her *three Tuns* have long since bled the last *Quart*.

XL.

'Mongst *Mercers* and *Lacemen* of mighty Renown,  
To Jolly *Tom.Th*—ds at the sign of the Crown,  
We advanc'd, and to speak with the Master desir'd;  
But whether with Wine or with Truth was inspir'd:  
Look you (says the young *Bacchus*) I've not *Claret* a drop,  
When my Wife lay in last, the *Rogues* drank it all up.

XLI.

At the *Dog* just by *Newgate*, (a *hopeful New-Colledg*),  
We askt, but old *Claret* was quite out of Knowledge.

The

## XLII.

The *Fountain* through *Newgate* expects some new comer,  
For now 'tis as dry as the *Deserts* in *Summer*.

## XLIII.

At the *Taverns* in *Smithfield* we were sure to despair,  
For both good and bad 's drank in time of the *Fair*,  
When each *House* is a *Brothel*, and delicate work,  
Is produc'd by bad *Vine*, *Cully*, *Punk*, *Pig* and *Pork*.

## XLIV.

On *Snow Hill* at the *Castle*, two *Fellows* in *Halters*,  
Just going to *Tyburn*, and reading their *Psalters*,  
Made the *Cart* stop, and Drank off a *Pint* of *Canary*,  
To attend their sad *Fate* with a *Countenance Merry*.  
To find no *Claret* there, tho we had a *suspicion*,  
Yet declin'd we to enter, by odd *superstition*,  
That if we drank there, it would follow of *course*,  
That in a few *Sessions* their *Turn* would be *ours*.

## XLV.

At the *Bull-head* we lookt, and were told that the *Master*,  
'Cause *Trading* was low, and no other *disaster*,  
Did modestly keeping a *Tavern* decline,  
Thinking 't better to *Deal* in good *Cyder* than *Wine*.

## XLVI.

At the *Three Tuns*, in his *Kitchen* we found Mr. *W—dron*,  
Complaining that *Coals* were to dear by the *Chaldron*,

We



We told him our business, he bid us be quiet,  
For if he had *Claret* he would not deny it.

## XLVII.

At Tavern with Sign of the *Angel and Mary*,  
Good *Claret* expected, but found the contrary ;  
But at our ill Fortune forgot to repine,  
Since the Master knew *Oyl* far better than *Wine*.

## XLVIII.

Poor *Jockey*, what made thee to run such a Course,  
To break both thy *Back*, and the *Back* of the Horse ?

## XLIX.

At the *Devil*, however his brags may be many,  
Dee'l take make me if *Claret* we there could find any;  
For tho to his Trade to sell *Tuns* he pretends,  
Yet he had not a Bottle to pleasure his Friends.

## L.

At the Globe in the middle of a *Garden* call'd *Hatten*,  
*Fe——ld* has for a long time himself learnt to Fatten ;  
Yet now a Dejection appears in his Face,  
Since the *Sherif's Court* is remov'd to another new place.

## LI.

Like a *Cardinals Pallace* did *Ha——nds* appear,  
And by the *Cross-Keys* thought the *Pope* might live there ;

E

But

But we found that how e're to *French* Intrest inclin'd,  
To the Faction of *Spain* he would not be unkind;  
For he Swears that of *Claret* he'll not sell a Drop,  
Till the Union's concerted 'twixt *Lewis* and *Pope*.

## LII.

Through an Entry as dark as is fancied by Story,  
By which Souls to be stew'd pass into *Purgatory*.  
At the *Castle* we entred to see our Friend *Bee—ly*:  
Ah! could we have found out his *Claret* as easily;  
But at Tasting we found that the *Wine* was but so, so,  
Unfit for the Palate of a nice *Virtuoso*.

## LIII.

To the *Globe* then advancing, near *Furnivals-Inn*,  
At the Bar we demanded if *Free—* were within;  
We were sure by his absence, to miss our design,  
If the Drawer's my Friend, so be sure is my Wine.

## LIV.

At the Door of the *Sun*, we there askt Mrs. *Rose*,  
If some good *Claret* there we to find might suppose;  
But she told us, tho *Oysters* and *Claret* might chime,  
Yet their goodness and price, rais'd and fell at one time.

## LV.

At the *Three-Tuns*, whereof *Isaac Cl—k* is the Master,  
Who lately had like by Informers been cast Sir;  
When of him we did Bottles of *Claret* desire,  
He return'd, No, No, No, the *Burnt Child* dreads the Fire.

## LVI.

At *Old Harry's great Head* we observ'd such Distraction,  
 The Master was in by a new settled *Auction*  
 Was there, that by several words he did use,  
 We thought it most safe to be out of the House.

## LVII.

If all be not lyes which *Philosophers* tell us,  
 (For History paints 'em as honest brave fellows)  
 That in all kind of Species there's not such a Creature,  
 As *Griffin* e're yet was produc'd by *Old Nature* :  
 So the Master assures, who lives at that *Sign*;  
 He believes that in *London* there's no *Claret-Wine*.

## LVIII.

When we entred the *Sun*, and saw one tamely stand,  
 With his Hat on his Head, and a Bottle in's Hand ;  
 With a Passive Obedience endure all the Scolding  
 Of a *WVoman* at Bar, who was loudly forth-holding,  
*WVith Sirrah*, you *Raskal*, I'll thump your old Noddle :  
*You*, I'll warrant below by your self drank your Bottle ;  
*WVent* forth, and believ'd a kind Wife was all Riches,  
 But *Heaven* defend us from one wears the Breeches.

## LIX.

Thinking all other Taverns were much of the kind,  
*WVhich* in *Holbourn* we so very lately did find.

Crossing

Crossing *Lincolns-Inn Fields*, and passing by all  
 The Retailers of *Wine*, at the *Rose* we first call,  
 Where the *Bean's* and the *Sparks* with their Mistresses Feast,  
 Laugh at at all sober Sense, and think Life but a Jest :  
 They had *Burgundy-Wine*, but no *Claret* at all ;  
 So there our pretences were quickly let fall.

## LX.

Crossing o're *Covent Garden*, we came to *J. An——lls*,  
 VVho pretends to have *Wines* full as good as man can sell ;  
 But when he would shew us a Glasse of his Fine,  
 VVe found his skill lay much more in *WVomen* than *WVine*.

## LXI.

Taking Coach, then we came to the *Harrow and Bear*,  
 An Eating House famous without *Temple-Bar* ;  
 VVhen for *Claret* we askt, were told they had none,  
 But of *Florence* we might have *Half-Flask* for *Half-Crown*.  
 My Friend was so Mad with so lewd a Demand,  
 That had I not timely prevented his Hand,  
 Their Bar had a much greater sufferer been,  
 Than the Bar in the Play, call'd the *Scowerers*, was seen.

## LXII.

Through *Temple-Bar* passing to *Chancery Lane*,  
 (VVhere Clients with Bills and with Answers are slain)  
 VVe found the *Old Pope* grown decrepid and stale ;  
 VWas now pleas'd to sell *Darby* and *Nottingham-Ale*.  
 VVe both laugh'd at the *Label* affixt to the Sign,  
 And suppos'd that their Ale was such stuff as their *Wine*.

## LXIII.

To the *Commons* then hastning, where *Sober Civilians*  
 Hear Causes between *Cuckolds, Bauds, Whores* and *Villains*.  
 To the *Feathers* first went, and desir'd Mr. *Sh—w*  
 To let's have a *Bottle*, and wink at the Law :  
 He smil'd, and reply'd, yes, yes, Gentlemen once,  
 Good *Claret* I had, and to sell't made *no Bones* ;  
 But since I shook hands with my *Wine-Coopers* Trade,  
 That Plaguy *VVhore Fortune* has prov'd but a Jade.

## LXIV.

At the *Castle*, when coming in sight of the Bar,  
*S—mih* gave us his *VVelcome* with such a fine Air ;  
 So well skill'd in Language is the sly *Dott'rell*,  
 As if he design'd for a second Sir. *C—vell*.  
 To Splutter out *Spanish, French, Dutch*, can't forbear it,  
 And alike understands 'em, as much as his *Claret*.  
 And o're the Frail Sex has such an absolute sway,  
 That his Servants can hardly be sent Maids away ;  
 Besides, should the Trade of the *Vintners* fail,  
 He has got a most Modern Receipt for Broom-Ale;  
 Nay, before he'l be guilty of *Poverties Crime*,  
*VVill Let out's Sweating Closet* for twelve Pence a time.

## LXV.

To the *Horn* then we went, and inquir'd for the Master;  
 And askt him how's Trade went, since the *Rocket Disaster*,  
 He reply'd for our Joke he would be in *Arrear'a*,  
 And askt if we'd drink any sparkling *Medera* ?

VVe askt him what 'twas ? He kindly then bid us  
 A VVelcome to's Celler, where once with 2——  
 He Drank,—but *Horns* take me, if through the whole Cell,  
 VVe such *Claret* could find to please Appetite well.

LXVI.

VWhen to *King's-Head* we came, our Delight was not small,  
 To see *Posture Betty* out-do *Posture Mall*.

LXVII.

At the *Swan* the fam'd Tavern for well Dress'd Fish Dinners.  
 VVe found the young Couple were early beginners :  
 Good Breeding in *Vintners* may cost 'em but little ;  
 Nay, 'faith 'tis the very chief String to their Fiddle.  
 For want of good Manners I challenge no Man,  
 But good *Claret* was oncs understood in the *Swan*.

LXVIII.

If we there could find none that would stick to our Ribs,  
 VVe shall pass by your *Feathers* good dear Mr. G——bs.

LXIX.

In a strait line to *Garlick-Hill* tending our way,  
 We resolv'd at the *Long-Dog* to finish the Day ;  
 But in vain we thought there to fulfil our desire,  
 Not one *Amorous Bottle* to quench our new Fire  
 We could we find there, unless we our Faith would resign  
 To some strange Masquerade and Sophisticate *Wine*.



Disappointed on all sides, my Friend to be civil,  
 (Having wish'd all the *Vintners* forenam'd at the *Devil*)  
 Would accept no denial, but hastily trudging,  
 Near to *Clerkenwell-Green*, drag'd me on to his Lodging :  
 Just to which when arriv'd, and to make a conclusion,  
 To the *Castle* we went, but there was such confusion  
 Of Damning and Sinking, as if *Captain T—d*,  
 For a Patent to Swear, to the *Devil* had Rode ;  
 By which, as fix'd Truth, we could soon understand,  
 That his Courage lay more in his Mouth than his Hand ;  
 Besides his *thin VVines* were as empty of Merit,  
 As the Captain of Courage, does want the true Spirit.

## LXX.

To *Jerusalem John*, tho' the Sign we did well like,  
 VVhich may for its Antiquity pass for a Relick.  
 VVe came, and found B——ts was by *VVine* grown Erratick ;  
 VVhen for *Claret* we ask'd him, he cry'd out Erratick.  
 Well my honest true Hearts, cries the poor Drunken *Ninny*,  
 I am ev'ry time forc'd so to struggle with *Skinny* :  
 As I hope to be Sav'd, and to live from Care,  
 A *Maiden-head* every night falls to my share.  
 What a Pox, says my Friend, can he mean by this Canting :  
 What care we for his *VVife*, when our *Claret* is wanting ?  
 But we found that our *Land-lord* was deaf on that Ear,  
 And so just like *Sabina*, tho' he heard, would not hear.

It was now very late, and we both of us thinking,  
 'Twas a breach in true Friendship to part without Drinking,  
 Got a Bottle or two of the Ale they call *Darby*,  
 For it came from that place or the *Devils* Arse hard-by,  
 Which refresh'd our tir'd Senses with generous Heat,  
 So we Lovingly parted as Friendly we met.

F I N I S.

ADVERTISEMENT S.

*The Folly of Love : Or, an Essay upon Satyr against VVomen.*

*The Search after Claret ; Or, a Visitation of the Vintners.*  
*A Poem in two Cantos.*



